

made so much noise that it served as a guide. She reached the beach in safety.

THE LITTLE WOMEN'S SHOE.
 was used for the French for the Catholic
 World

Jacques was a fisherman—a lucky one
 He had a little house, all his own
 And Jeanne, who was his wife, and a
 And the littlest little Jeanne
 That ever rumped a fisherman's cottage.
 But these were not all his treasures
 His house, a store of nuts and
 And the Fine Angles. The sea was never
 Too rough for either. If it were
 Stormed into the Fine Angles, would have
 With his crew, snug and dry to their mood
 And the Fine Angles. The sea was never
 Jacques the mate—and what a mate
 Was—I was I under a Newfoundland,
 And prince of dogs. Every boy knew
 And the Fine Angles. The sea was never
 And it was for many of them
 They did. They had made his acquaintance
 Under some wide ocean
 When he looked for his kennel
 Might along the dark coast he could

the glow of my *fiorelli*, which would have long been dark and cheerless if the wind had not blown from the west. The *urins* had earned its fuel. Many a myth told something queer of her throat and the corners of her eyes when she saw the little herd that might long ago have been pillowed in the sea weeds.

But when the feast of our Lady, the feast of the *Sancta Maria*, came was in glory. Did he walk in the procession? Of course he did. Did he not know who was the proper thing for a respectable doctor to wear? He wore the *capote* and the *huanos*, the banners, 'Ah! said Jacques 'he's Christian. How no dog he is almost a man.

Then Jacques, and Ene Angallan, the sea Angel was the dearest friend this dog. Tanor paid the most delicious attentions to this little fellow. He took him to the beach, he treated him with bounteous lumps. He gave Angel a *huaca*, tender caresses with his great cold red and with his paw, and when he belched,

[illegible]

little shell like True Anguille and a dog do against the ocean?"

"We may say 'Anguille' and 'dog'!"

"-she said 'Anguille' 'Anguille'!"

high! Sweet Jesus it blows too, hard

One day Joanne was with Ange and Jacques was preparing to Anguille to bring Joanne sent knitted by the water side. Anguille had kicked one of his little wooden shoes and he was looking for it lying in the grass. He laughed, he shouted he spit the little waves that ran softly upon sand. Ah, what fun! He was laughing and shouting. The sun was shining, the entire coast in purple and the sea still and peaceful reflecting his serene splendour.

Anguille had had a string to his little hand and had thrown it out upon the water.

"Mamma, said he look see my Anguille!" In a moment Anguille was under the water.

And he spit away with his

The little shoe tossed with one snap
 and landed finally it filled with water
 he looked up and said "Naughtiness
 Put on your shoe. Quick!"
 Just then somebody touched her
 and she turned around, from
 porch to This seemed probable for
 naughtiness is which people from the
 always have and which people she could
 have not counted, use
 Jeannie was, it pleased
 I'm not but said the sir name
 to go, to go into the office
 "What do you like, sir?"
 Here I am
 "What do you like, sir?"
 "I don't want to go to the
 I will not go with it my dog,
 Jacques
 I will not go with the stranger, "tho
 is of no use I will give you a
 leave the dog
 Jacques looked at the
 and the low in his hand

Just t' on Agony, cried, And My
gone to the bottom. And
"Don't you wish the thing
and be hung through the row
appeared in the distance like
Jermine, and the young
"I'll be there, and I'll be
bore of his dream
When she reached the light
to seem to have been
Father stretched along it
anxious foreboding—the pain
"Will it be thine," she asked
Lucy, "to see how long
will be thy true love by the
Rocks and the White
offen.
Father Lucy in turn, scanned
Lucy
line. Lucy like a good
sustained, and pressed on with his
it is the same
"I'll be there, and I'll be
wind! God be merciful to u

[illegible]

NUE, All at once she rose up and t
fast asleep in her arms. She
cape over her shoulders. It w
hard and the wind blew strong
a lantern a sudden gust pat
she was left in darkness But

